

T H E
CHILDREN'S FRIEND;

CONSISTING OF
APT TALES, SHORT DIALOGUES,
AND MORAL DRAMAS;

ALL INTENDED
To engage ATTENTION, cherish FEELING,
and inculcate VIRTUE, in
THE RISING GENERATION.

TRANSLATED BY
The Rev. MARK ANTHONY MEILAN,
From the FRENCH of M. BERQUIN.

V O L. XXIV.

L O N D O N :

Printed for the TRANSLATOR, and to be had
of J. BEW, No. 28, Paternoster-Row ; and
of C. GEARY, No. 27, Great Marlborough-
Street.

MDCCLXXXVI.

CONTENTS OF VOL. XXIV.

**THE JUSTICE AND MERCY OF GOD;
RESIGNATION.**

**THE VETERAN DISMISS'd WITH
HONOUR.**



* * * * *

T H E

JUSTICE and MERCY of GOD.

THE little Mary Ann, one day, desired her father, Mr. Compton, to explain to her what she had not understood at school ; a passage taken out of scripture.

“ I the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, who visiteth the sins of the fathers, upon the children, unto the third and fourth genera-

4 *The JUSTICE and MERCY*

"tion of them that hate me; and
"sheweth mercy unto thousands, in
"them that love me, and keep my
"commandments."

Pray, said Mary Ann, when she
had read the passage over to her fa-
ther, what does that word *generation*
mean?

Look here at my watch chain, re-
plied the father.

MARY ANN.

Well, Papa; I do.

Mr. COMPTON.

You see, child, the little link
thro' which the ring here passes?
That's the first. This link, through
which that other passes, is the second;
and the others that come after, down-
wards, are the third, fourth, fifth, and

so forth to the last, that holds the key. Now, do you understand me?

MARY ANN.

Oh, yes, very clearly.

Mr. COMPTON.

Be exceedingly attentive to the rest. One man descends from, then, another ; just as one link in this watch-chain, is below another link. The first man coming from a man, whoever he may be, we call him that man's first generation ; and so on.

MARY ANN.

That's very clear indeed. My eldest brother Cyprian is your first generation. Richard, my next brother, is your second ; and I, lastly, am your third.

6 *The JUSTICE and MERCY*

Mr. COMPTON.

I see I've not explain'd myself, that you could understand me. So I'll give you an example you may comprehend perhaps much better. Noah was Shem's father; Shem was father to Arphaxad; and Arphaxad father to Salem. Tell me, therefore, now if you are able, who, respecting Noah, was his first, second, and third generation?

MARY ANN.

Sem I take it was the first; Arphaxad was the second; and Salem was the third.

Mr. COMPTON.

Well answer'd: now the passage you're in doubt of, says, "God visits the iniquity of fathers on their children." Noah was become a

Of G O D.

7

sinner, and we read, God visited his
sins in Shem ; Arphaxad, Salem, and
in Salem's children.

MARY ANN.

You say *visited*, papa ; does God
then visit men ?

Mr. COMPTON.

No doubt, he does ; and frequently I visit you in your diversions, study, and the like. Now is my visit always pleasing to you ?

MARY ANN.

Oh, not always.

Mr. COMPTON:

Why not always ?

MARY ANN.

When I'm lazy, or fall out with
either of my brothers, you are angry.

B 4

§ *The JUSTICE and MERCY*

Mr. COMPTON.

But, pray, tell me, am I always angry?

MARY ANN.

Oh, no, no, papa; when I'm good-natur'd, and attentive to my book, you kiss me, and are happy. Sometimes too, you make me very pretty presents.

Mr. COMPTON.

Well, then, as I visit you, God visits men; when they are wicked, punishing their sin; but, on the other hand, when they are good, rewarding in that case, their virtue.

MARY ANN.

And is God, then, always near a hand, to visit men in such a manner?

Mr.

Mr. COMPTON.

Always, always, Mary Ann. But, as we cannot see him with our eyes, he has recourse to signal tokens, that convince us of his presence. His rewards and punishments, at all times, shew him near us.

MARY ANN.

But, papa, you've often told me, God does no injustice. Why then does he punish children, as he says he does, because their parents have been wicked.

Mr. COMPTON.

Why? because the children of the wicked, generally speaking, are as wicked as their parents.

VOL. XXIII.

B

10 *The JUSTICE and MERCY*

MARY ANN.

Mr. Speed, our neighbour, is a wicked man; and yet he sends his children every day to school, and makes them go to church. I think it is their fault alone, if they are wicked.

Mr. COMPTON.

But pray, don't I do the same with you, as Mr. Speed? how comes it, then, that you were sometimes wicked when you came from playing with his children, as you recollect, I'm sure, before I had forbid you mixing with them.

MARY ANN.

I can hardly tell. When I was with them first, I could not but be frightened very much to hear them swear, and wrangle with each other;

and even see them sometimes fight ; but, by degrees, I grew accuslomed to their ways, and should perhaps have imitated them in bad behaviour, notwithstanding your instructions, had I still continued their companion.

MR. COMPTON.

Yes, indeed : that's what too often happens to the children of bad people. They become accuslom'd, by degrees, to all the wickedness they see and hear about them. Mr. Speed is often drunk, and beats his wife, without the least degree of provocation ; and his children see and hear all this. 'Tis very true, they have been often told at church and school, that God is sure to punish those who yield

12 *The JUSTICE and MERCY*

themselves to drunkenness and passion. In the interim they behold their father practise these two vices, and thus argue upon what they see. "These vices cannot be so great as people represent them: otherwise, our father would take care how he committed them." I fear they will become as wicked very shortly as himself; and then, if God should punish them, would it not be with justice?

MARY ANN.

Truly, I think so.

MR. COMPTON.

I'll give you a remarkable example on this subject. Have you ever taken notice of a hump-back'd man, called

Peter, who comes every week a begging to our door?

MARY ANN.

Oh, yes; I know him very well, and frequently have let him have my breakfast. What a man, papa! He is as pale as death, and has a beard as long and filthy as the hair on Richard's blacking brush.

Mr. COMPTON.

By him, then, you may see how God, in children, visits the iniquities of fathers to their third generation. His great grandfather was one Macpherson, who had not a farthing less than eighty thousand pounds in money by him, with a place at court, that brought him in the yearly

14 *The JUSTICE and MERCY*

income of two thousand. Bless'd with such a fortune, he should therefore have been so much the more grateful to God's goodness, and held out a pattern in his way of life for others. My dear Mary Ann, what good might not that man have done with so much wealth! how many worthy families maintained! how many needy orphans cloath'd and taught! how many salutary precepts given his own children! He did nothing of all this. He rather chose to entertain with sumptuous feasting, no less despicable people than himself. Oh, Mary Ann! had you but heard their conversation at these feasting, 'twould have made you shudder! You would certainly have looked upon

them as the lowest of such bad women as infest our streets. Without considering the simplicity and innocence he should have cherish'd in his children, he durst talk obscenely in their presence. He was never known to ask them what good actions they had done that day? What useful knowledge gained? He was so often lost in wine, and taken up with gaming, that his children might do any thing they lik'd. As soon as they could run alone, they mingled in the street with every little vagabond; and when grown bigger, went about to taverns, billiard-tables, common tippling houses, and the like; in short, wherever people of bad character resort. The eldest of

16 *The JUSTICE and MERCY*

the boys, whose name was Charles, had been sent off to Oxford, with a view to study; but it did not even come into his head, that study would be necessary for him. And instead of buying useful books, he laid out all his money to get drink, or lost it in the company of gamblers. He would ask himself what need he had to pore on musty books, and break his head with study, since his father would not fail to leave him, when he died, more gold than all the learned have, if it were put together.

One day, as it chanc'd, while he was rioting amidst a party like himself, a messenger arrived to tell him of his father's sudden death. And what

exp
of o

H

I am
were
very
father

The

least.
filled h
with h
sudden

Come,
tune, th
some ol
head and

expression can you fancy he made use of on such melancholy tidings?

MARY ANN.

He was surely very much affected. I am thinking how I should take on, were any one to come and say this very moment to me, Mary Ann, your father's dead.

MR. COMPTON.

The monster was not sorry in the least. Upon the other hand, he filled his glass, required those sitting with him to fill theirs, and said, (I shudder to repeat it, Mary Ann,) Come, here's a health to Madam *Fortune*, that has rid me of my troublesome old father! I shall now be over head and ears in gold.

MARY ANN.

Oh, dear papa, could he be half so wicked?

Mr. COMPTON.

You observe what wickedness a person may be guilty of, that is unfortunately born of wicked parents; since those wicked parents, generally speaking, do not merely suffer but encourage him to imitate them. He consum'd the evening of that day, and part of the succeeding night, at table. On the morrow, he got all his things together, and set out to take possession of the whole his father might have left him; but, alas! things did not turn out so successfully as he expected; for arriving, he found every thing was seiz'd on.

MARY ANN.

Seized on! Pray, papa, what's that?

MR. COMPTON.

I'll tell you. This Macpherson was Reciever for the County, having money in his hands belonging to the King. And, as from divers circumstances, 'twas suspected he had been unfaithful to his trust, as soon as he was dead, the proper officers seal'd up his books, and drawers, and issu'd an attachment, as they call it, on his property; that if he had embezzl'd, that is, wasted, any thing, his goods might make it good, before his creditors were paid.

MARY ANN.

And had he wasted any thing?

20 *The JUSTICE and MERCY*

MR. COMPTON.

There was a deal, of which no good account could be assign'd ; so that the King took first ; and after him a shoal of creditors came forward with their seizures for the several sums of money he ow'd *them*.

MARY ANN.

And, who, pray, were his creditors ?

MR. COMPTON.

A multitude of tradesmen, vintners, mercers, saddlers, taylors, brewers, butchers, bakers, artists of all sorts, and usurers ; as he had dealt for every thing on credit, without thinking who was in the end to pay. The little money left him, after all these seizures, was laid hold on by the law.

law. His house, lands, furniture, and plate were sold, which did not bring in half the money necessary to discharge his debts.

MARY ANN.

And what became of Charles ?

Mr. COMPTON.

The case respecting him was altered, being now a pitiable one. His father had not taken care to give him any proper education : therefore had he learn'd no art to get his bread, and could not now tell how to live. Accustom'd as he had been to a life of luxury, he wanted still to eat good things ; and therefore, was oblig'd to sell his watch, fine cloaths, and laces : but the produce of this sale was gone so soon, that in a month, or there-

22 *The JUSTICE and MERCY*

about he was reduc'd to beggary, and went about from door to door. By great good fortune, some distinguish'd personage took pity on his misery, and got him an employment in the Excise, an office going by that name, which brought him in the yearly sum of fifty pounds. In this employment, he became acquainted with the daughter of a tavern-keeper, who had lost her character. He married her; but never would have done so, had his heart been less corrupt and infamous than her's. They caus'd each other daily troubles by their scandalous behaviour. While the husband posted from one alehouse to another, drinking plenteously at each, and favouring the deceit of every

publ
she w
which
return
call'd
his wi
scratch
a wret

A ve

But

Beacu
wicked

But p
the unha

publican that would but bribe him, she was always sending out for liquor, which she drank at home. When he return'd at night, she rail'd at him, he call'd her names; the husband beat his wife, the wife insulted, bit, and scratch'd her husband. Was not he a wretched creature, Mary Ann?

MARY ANN.

A very wretched one.

Mr. COMPTON.

But why?

MARY ANN.

Because he had been born of such a wicked father.

Mr. COMPTON.

But pray, had not Charles deserv'd the unhappiness he suffer'd?

24 *The JUSTICE and MERCY*

MARY ANN.

Certainly he had, in being of himself so wicked.

MR. COMPTON.

You may see then, by this little history, how grievously God visited the vices of Macpherson in his first generation: while the wicked Charles, could have no reason to complain that he was innocently made a victim.

MARY ANN.

And had Charles too, any children?

MR. COMPTON.

He had three, alas! It would be tedious, should I tell you what befel them separately. I will limit

my narration to the youngest boy, whose name was Robin.

You may easily suppose, that Charles, who was himself so shockingly unprincipled, took little care to have his son taught better. While the generality of children were at school, and learning something or another, Robin would be mixing with the soldiers, as he liv'd no great way from the Savoy, where so many of them are. Amidst such company, he scarce heard any thing but oaths and execrations. He was fifteen years of age by this time, yet could neither write nor read. He knew no more of God, than a little savage living in any wood.

26 *The JUSTICE and MERCY*

His father notwithstanding, undertook one day, to tell him of his bad behaviour. What have you to do, said Robin, with my bad behaviour? I don't think your's better in the least degree than mine. Enrag'd at so much insolence, his father took a stick, and beat him without pity; but the unhappy Robin, far from reaping, as he might have done, some benefit from this correction, grew quite desperate, went out, and made himself a cook-shop-boy, for hardly any wages, in St. Clement's.

Such a change of life, however, might have tended to his reformation; for, altho' his wages were so little, there was hardly any day, but he re-



ceiv'd above a score of halfpence from such company as came to eat their dinner at his master's. Had he only husbanded these halfpence with œconomy, and regulated his behaviour, it was not impossible but that at last he might have got a shop himself. But then, the utter depravation of his soul would not allow him to pursue a plan of so much prudence; for when once his master and the family were gone to bed, he would steal out, and mix among such people as infest the garden, and its neighbouring allies. With these people he would wander up and down, or gamble till the morning came; and then sink home. If he had any

28 *The JUSTICE and MERCY*

money left, he would get up the sooner to drink brandy; and by these excesses join'd to others, Robin at the age of thirty, seem'd quite old and impotent.

He went a little way into the country, and unluckily for him, there was a woman in the work-house of the parish where he went, of whom the officers were seeking to get rid; as she refus'd to work, and by the company she kept, was always bringing charges on the parish. They propos'd her as a wife to every worthless fellow of the place, who might be tempted, for the sake of having a few guineas, to maintain her: none however would put up with such a burthen. But when Robin heard of this, as he

was out of cash, he made his bargain, and the parish officers agreed to give him, nothing less, than the amazing fortune of five pounds, upon condition of his marrying her in London, which would rid the place completely of her. Robin was induced to close with the proposal, came to London, married, and receiv'd the fortune. It was quickly spent, and Robin, after living with his wife about a twelve month, left her, with a poor unhappy child, call'd Peter, the same hump-back'd Peter I first mention'd.

He kept life and soul together, for a little while, by begging; and this way of life connected him with every villain in the county. 'Twas not long be-

30 *The JUSTICE and MERCY*

fore he got into a band of thieves, with whom he went about the country, breaking open houses. This abominable business did not prosper long; he was secur'd with some of his companions, brought to London, and there, after trial, hang'd. And thus, God visited Macpherson's vices in his second generation. And in your opinion, did not Robin merit the unhappy fate he met with?

MARY ANN.

He was still a greater villain than his father.

Mr. COMPTON.

God then is not to be thought unjust, in punishing the crimes of parents in their children.

MARY ANN.

But, pray, how was Peter brought to that deplorable condition he is in at present?

MR. COMPTON.

I will tell you. From such fathers, as our Robin was, come, generally speaking, feeble and distorted children. Peter therefore came into the world with bandy legs and a mishapen body. He was likewise heir to all his mother's imbecillity, or weakness; so that at the age of six, he could but stutter some few words. There was not to be found a soul that would extend his charity to such an object: his infirmities and idiotism every year increas'd; and, in the end, he grew

32 *The JUSTICE and MERCY*
that stupid, hideous, and unwholesome
creature he is now. And thus, God
visited the iniquity of this Macpher-
son in his third generation.

MARY ANN.

O, Papa, how dreadful!

MR. COMPTON.

But 'tis no less dreadful, sure, to
violate the will of such a tender father
as God daily shows himself. My
dearest Mary Ann, do you, for your
part, learn to fear and love him. In
proportion as you see men's wicked-
ness abound, in such proportion, must
you do your utmost to be safe from
their infection. If you do not, you
will prove much guiltier than the
generality of other people, after you
have had so good an education.

MARY ANN.

O, fear nothing. I am stedfastly resolv'd to reap the advantage of it, by God's blessing. But pray tell me, is it utterly impossible, that bad men's children should be better than their fathers?

MR. COMPTON.

No, indeed, when they attend not to the bad examples held them out at home, but to the counsels of their conscience and good sense, assisted by the salutary admonitions every worthy person will be glad to give them. On this head, we have a striking instance in the bible. Ahaz was a very wicked king, but Hezekiah, son of Ahaz, was as virtuous.

34 *The JUSTICE and MERCY*

MARY ANN.

Then, Papa, would it be just, that God should punish pious children for the vices of their fathers?

Mr. COMPTON.

Neither does he ever punish them, so situated. He declares himself he does not, in his holy word. For, have you ever read God punished Hezekiah?

MARY ANN.

No indeed; but on the other hand, that when the Assyrians left their country to besiege Jerusalem, he sent an angel to relieve him; and, besides, that when a cruel malady attack'd him, he was instantly restor'd to health.

Mr. COMPTON.

You see then, God treats no one with injustice.

Mary Ann would gladly have continued this improving conversation ; but as night was come, her father put off the remainder till next day.

Upon the morrow very early, after Mary Ann had said her prayers, and come into the parlour, Mr. Compton said, Well, Mary Ann ; do you remember, now the subject of our yesterday's discourse together ?

MARY ANN.

Yes, I think I do, Papa.

MR. COMPTON.

What was it ?

MARY ANN.

You convinc'd me, that God punishes the wicked, in their children,

36 *The JUSTICE and MERCY*

grandchildren, and even great grandchildren; as these commonly are to the full, as wicked as their fathers.

MR. COMPTON.

Well, in truth, you have remember'd it precisely.

MARY ANN.

But there's one thing, I want still explain'd, Papa.

“ I show mercy unto thousands, in them that love me and keep my commandments.”

What am I to understand by this expression?

MR. COMPTON.

Hear me. Don't you know, I cloathe the little Pratt, and pay to have him taught and boarded? Now

what motive causes me to do so much
for one that is not of my family ?

MARY ANN.

You've told me that his grandfa-
ther was your papa's instructor ; that
he taught him very faithfully, and
that you think yourself oblig'd to do
a little for his grandson, in return.

Mr. COMPTON.

That's true : but if the grandson
were a wicked boy, do you imagine I
should help him, as I do ?

MARY ANN.

No, certainly.

Mr. COMPTON.

And on the other hand, if he con-
tinues to behave himself becomingly,
do you suppose I shall withdraw my
services ?

38 *The JUSTICE and MERCY*

MARY ANN.

Oh, no; I'm sure you won't. I know you. On the contrary, the better he behaves, the greater kindness will you shew him,

MR. COMPTON.

God then, does the same in favour of all worthy people's children. He rewards them with good things, because they had good parents. If they do amiss themselves, he punishes, 'tis true, their disobedience; but remembering the uprightness of their parents, is, at all times, ready to forgive them.

MARY ANN.

Yesterday, Papa, you gave me instances of children punish'd for the

vices of their parents. Can't you give me, on the other hand, at present, some account of children recompens'd by reason of their father's virtues?

Mr. COMPTON.

That I can, my child. You know then Mrs. Graves?

MARY ANN.

O, very well, Papa. I've often seen her at my cousin's.

Mr. COMPTON.

Well then, she's the daughter of a man who, when he liv'd, was nothing but a publican: he was however, very honest and religious. I will give you but one instance of his conscientiousness. Last year a soldier happen'd to be quarter'd on him. When

40 *The JUSTICE and MERCY*

the order came for his removal to another part of England, the old soldier, who, it seems, knew men a little, thus address'd his landlord. I may go, said he, to fifty places, and not find so good a host to entertain me. Here, continued he, and held him out a leather bag, in which there were exactly threescore guineas, here is all the little fortune I have got together, at the hazard of my life. Pray, keep it for me. If I escape the danger of an expedition we are going on, I will return and claim my gold; but, if I die, I have a brother it will make quite happy. Here is his direction. You will let him have it.—Shall I give you a receipt for what you trust

me with? enquir'd the host.—No, no, replied his guest; the word of such an honest man is better far than writing. He embraced him, and th t moment, leaping on his horse, departed.

Six months afterward, the rumour ran that this same soldier's regiment had been roughly treated in the expedition he adverted to on parting with him. So the publican, without delay, dispatched a letter to the Major of it, and recciv'd an answer and certificate, inclosed within it, of the soldier's death. It happen'd, that about this time, the publican had three poor children very ill in bed. They wanted something comfortable, and the father

42 *The JUSTICE and MERCY*

was not able to indulge them in it. He was all day weeping by them ; and had nothing but such lamentable succour to afford them : when at last, his wife reminded him about the soldier. You have got his threescore guineas, she began, lock'd up. What hinders us from taking five or six in our necessity? There's no one in the world will come to know it ; as you did not give a word in writing ; when you took the money.—Is it possible, my dear, replied the publican, that you should think of such a crime ? I am already far advanc'd in life, and never injur'd any one. I'll hardly then begin to do so now. The wife burst out crying, asking in the greatest agitation, whether he had got a heart of

stone or no, that he could see his children's miserable situation, and not pity them. God also is their father, said the publican, and will restore them, if his providence thinks proper; but for me to aid them by dishonesty, would only irritate the master of their life and mine, against me. Upon this he darted from his wife, got pen and paper, wrote a letter to the foldier's brother, and in some few hours delivered up the guineas. They came very opportunely. He that now was in possession of them, had a son extremely fond of study, and the guineas serv'd to place him at the University.

The publican was all the while

44 *The JUSTICE and MERCY*

in sorrow by his children. In the end, he was so happy as to see them mend; but hardly less embarrassed, after their recovery, to bestow a little education on them. He denied himself the cloaths and food he wanted, and whatever he could save, by such œconomy employed upon his family.

This worthy man soon after, lost his wife, and did not long survive her. He left nothing in the world behind him but six children. He was tended in his illness by a sister. Seeing the distress about her, she cried out: Alas! what will become of these poor orphans? Hearing these sad words, he rais'd himself in bed. Be not afflicted, were his words, dear sister, upon

their account. I leave them in reality, a fortune. They have every of them my benediction : and so saying, he expired.

Now, all these children, my dear Mary Ann, instructed by the advice and good example of their fathers, have done well : but I shall only tell you in particular, how Providence dispos'd of her that now is Mrs. Graves.

When she had lost her father, she was hospitably taken care of by a Mrs. Stone, her god-mother ! Accustom'd, from her childhood, to the plainest diet, and not wanting any thing but common cloaths, it was a very trifle that maintain'd her ; and in

46 *The JUSTICE and MERCY*

fact, she earn'd it by her needle. She was always chearful, of a healthy body, and exceedingly agreeable in company. I saw her often at her godmother's; and tho' that Lady spent a deal of money upon dress, I always fancied the young orphan looked much better than her mistress. Every one, who had the opportunity of noting her appearance and behaviour, said, the blessing of her father evidently rested on her.

She was eighteen years of age by this time; and her understanding, modesty, and beauty had attracted the attention and regard of several young men, who would have married her. But for the most part, they were men of doubtful characters. Their pro

mises of keeping her in ease and plenty could not work upon her mind to change the happy situation she was placed in ; and besides, she was more prudent than to join herself in a connection that must last her life-time, with a man of bad behaviour. Thus, the virtue of her father, and which virtue she was heir to, sav'd her from that rock so many split on ;—an unhappy marriage.

Mr. Graves, at last, who lived in an adjacent street, remark'd her. Mr. Graves, (so wonderfully Providence disposes of occurrences among us,) was the very son of him, to whom the honest publican so faithfully had sent the soldier's gold

48 *The JUSTICE and MERCY*

entrusted to him. He had studied with such diligence, and made so great a progress, as to interest the hearts of all that knew him in his favour. He first got an inconsiderable place, in which his patron meant to make a trial of his zeal and fitness. Both so much surpass'd his expectation, that he gave him in the sequel one of greater consequence and profit. Visiting at Mr. Stone's, he happily had many opportunities of knowing our young orphan's merit; and in secret, wish'd she was his spouse: but what was not his joy and transport, when he found she was the daughter of that faithful publican, to whose integrity he was indebted for his happiness! The daughter of so good a man, said he,

must make an admirable wife. He paid her his addresses; she received them no less modestly than gratefully; and soon became the happy wife she is at present.

You observe, by this example, Mary Ann, how God delights to recompense in children, the good deeds their fathers may have done; for, if the publican had been unfaithful to his trust, and kept the money, which he might have done; in that case, Mr. Graves's father could not have provided for his son at college, and this son of course, would have been left without respect, employ, or fortune, and could never have contributed to make the publican's good daughter happy.

50 *The JUSTICE and MERCY*

MARY ANN.

What then, do the daughters of all honest people marry men who make them happy?

MR. COMPTON.

I confess *that* does not always happen.

MARY ANN.

They obtain then by some other methods, do they, all they wish for?

MR. COMPTON.

No; nor *that* at all times. Frequently God wills the children of good people shall endure distressful trials. Can't you give me an example of this nature from the Bible?

MARY ANN.

Let me think a little.—O yes, now I can, for I remember well the history

of Joseph. He was certainly a holy patriarch's son; yet wicked people sold and put him into prison.

Mr. COMPTON.

Yes indeed they did.

MARY ANN.

So then, Papa, there may be many children treated just as if they had been born of wicked parents?

Mr. COMPTON.

No, not quite; for if they have been early practised in the work of prayer, and taught how God delights in human resignation, they experience comfort in their sufferings. A continued series of successful days might make them proud and haughty, or corrupt them, while if, on the other hand, they keep up both their forti-

52 *The JUSTICE and MERCY*

tude and piety beneath the weight of their misfortunes, they inevitably gain, at last, a recompence, as you may read in Joseph's story likewise.

Mary Ann departed from her father's presence, deeply touched with such an edifying conversation, and from that day forward, never ceased to give God thanks for being born of such a father as she had ;—a father, whose acknowledged piety might merit for herself so many blessings in the time of trouble, or such pure enjoyments of that happiness she had been told mankind experience in a life of virtue.

RESIGNATION.

A Merchant of the city, that shall here be nameless, after having pass'd a chearful evening with his family, went up to bed, quite satisfied; and was enjoying now, an undisturb'd repose, when of a sudden he was waken'd by a noise he heard about him, in the street. At first, he could not comprehend whence it proceeded; but

54 *RESIGNATION.*

at last, when he was thoroughly awake, he saw his house was burning; as the flames, by this time enter'd his apartment, thro' the windows. He jump'd almost headlong out of bed, awoke his spouse, and took his little boy and girl Augustus and Augusta by the hand, and ran down stairs before the flames, that, as it were, pursu'd him. He was utterly unable to save any thing. His cloaths, his furniture, his goods, and all he had, in short, was burnt to ashes. Hardly had he clear'd the door way, than the floor and timbers of the house fell in, and made a horrid rumbling.

This poor man, his wife, and children, were, in consequence of such

terri
amon
from
fire.
ness,
knees
the fi
such
the
quarte
bethou
iving
en'd to
age fro
They
expected
The aff
to the

terrible mishap, half naked in the street, among a crowd of people who came up from every quarter, to put out the fire. Their teeth, thro' fear and chilliness, were heard to chatter, and their knees knock'd one against the other. In the first few moments that succeeded such a fortunate escape from death, the merchant did not know what quarter he should fly to; but at last, he thought himself, he had a cousin living no great distance off; and hasten'd to get thither, and obtain a refuge from her hospitality.

They were receiv'd, as they indeed expected, in the kindest manner. The afflicted family were hardly got into the house, in their deplorable

56 *RESIGNATION.*

condition, than the mistress of it ran to get them cloaths. She bade the servant light a fire, and plac'd the children at it, who were numb'd with cold; while she herself prepar'd a cordial to revive their spirits, which she got them, after much perswasion and a deal of pains, to swallow.

On the morrow. Mr. ——— got up, quite late, because the agitation of his mind had hinder'd him from taking rest, till day-break. He ran instantly to pay a visit to the children. They were both awake and weeping. This distress'd him greatly. He embrac'd them, utterly unable to pronounce a word; but coming to himself, at last, and getting by degrees the better

RESIGNATION. 57

of his trouble, he began by asking his Augustus and Augusta, why he found them weeping?

AUGUSTUS.

Ah Papa! my cloaths and playthings, every thing is burnt.

The FATHER.

And have you nothing left, then?

AUGUSTUS.

Nothing.

The FATHER.

Look at me, my dear sweet children, and then tell me, whether you have nothing left you?

AUGUSTA.

O, yes, brother, you forget; we

VOL. XXIV.

E

58 RESIGNATION.

have our dear papa and dear mama still left us.

The FATHER.

You have, then, a great deal left you. We will never cease assisting our dear children, and will share with them the very last last bit of bread we are possess'd of. How near losing us, if you remember, were you not last night? Who sav'd us in so dreadful a calamity?

AUGUSTA.

God only had it in his power to save you.

The FATHER.

You are in the right: that God, who guards the little ravens, in their nest, from danger, has extended such a benefit to you, by saving you your

RESIGNATION. 59

parents. Why then do you weep, since God has thus declar'd himself your great protector? Who but God first gave me my late house, and every thing the fire destroy'd within it?

AUGUSTUS.

Why then has he taken them away?

THE FATHER.

It would not be consistent with my duty, to require his reasons for it: he has told me what his will was; and I should submit in silence.

AUGUSTUS.

Told you what his will was? And can God then be so cruel?

E 2

60 RESIGNATION.

THE FATHER.

No, Augustus: his severity is never cruel; but must prove a blessing; for since he that gave me my good things, has taken them away, the wisdom of his providence decreed me such a loss; and he will make it in the end, even profitable to me.

AUGUSTUS.

You have given me leave, Papa, to tell you, what my doubts are upon all occasions: I can't see in any manner, how the burning of our house can ever benefit us. If it will, you would not be yourself so melancholy.

THE FATHER.

Don't you recollect, I broke your drum one day? Did you imagine then

RESIGNATION. 61

what I had done, would ever be for your advantage ?

AUGUSTUS.

Not, at first, Papa ; but afterwards, I did ; because the drum prov'd troublesome to every body round about me, and expos'd me to the danger of displeasing you.

THE FATHER.

But why, Augustus, did you not, at first, see this ?

AUGUSTUS.

Because I was a child.

THE FATHER.

Well then, my little fellow, men are but as children, in the sight of God. The loss of every thing I was possess'd of, grieves me, since I cannot

62 *RESIGNATION.*

see at present, how the melancholy accident will benefit me. But before I die, I may be certain, I shall find it was intended really for my advantage.

AUGUSTUS.

Ah, Papa! if I but thought so, I should easily be comforted.

THE FATHER.

You may be certain of it. But let's think a little. In the situation I am in at present, and not knowing where to seek for bread, what would you have me do?

AUGUSTUS.

I think you should desire your Cousin here, to give us an apartment, in her house, and board us.

RESIGNATION. 63

The FATHER.

But reflect, Augustus : can I, and be just ?

AUGUSTUS.

Why not ? She's your relation ; and besides, you'd do the like, if she were in your situation.

The FATHER.

Yes ; that's true indeed ; but then, I need not tell you, she herself has several children, and is not so rich as I was, by a deal, before the accident of yesterday.

AUGUSTUS.

I don't know then, Papa, what you should do.

The FATHER.

Have you forgot already, then, who gave me first of all my house ? E 4

64 RESIGNATION.

AUGUSTA.

God gave it you.

AUGUSTUS.

Yes, yes, Papa ; I see now clearly.
'Tis God only you can have recourse
to.

The FATHER.

Right, and so I mean to do. I
will beseech him, every moment, from
my heart, and say : " O God of
goodness ! thou providest for the lit-
tle ravens in their nests : give *me* too
wherewithal to feed the little ones
I have."

AUGUSTA, (*embracing him,*)

How good you are, Papa !

AUGUSTUS.

And have you not pray'd always in
this manner ?

RESIGNATION. 65

THE FATHER.

Always : always—just as you come every morning, and desire I'd let you have your breakfast. But remember last week's accident: you went out very early with the footman, to be present where the soldiers exercise, on the parade. The people that were there, divided you; the snow came down, and you return'd quite late, and almost dead with cold and hunger. It appeared to me, that morning, you desir'd your breakfast in a very different manner, from your common way of asking for it.

AUGUSTUS.

I remember very well, I ask'd to have it much more earnestly, because

66 *RESIGNATION.*

I verily suppos'd I should have fainted,
being very, very hungry.

The FATHER.

And I also, when I think upon our
present wants, much greater now than
heretofore, shall pray to the Al-
mighty with more zeal and fervour,
Which now do you think best for us,
of the two? his grace, or the pos-
session of those goods I've lost, could
I recover them?

AUGUSTUS.

His grace, Papa.

The FATHER.

You're in the right; for all the good
things in the world together, would not
make me happy while I live, or com-
fort me, when dying; while God's

RESIGNATION. 67

grace, will, on the other hand, do both. If, by the loss of all my property, God only means to draw me nearer to him, and inspire me more fully, with the love and fear I owe him, will not then this loss, I have thus suffer'd, turn to my advantage?

AUGUSTUS.

I must own, Papa, I do not understand you.

THE FATHER.

You will understand me better in the sequel of this conversation. You remember, I suppose, how angry I have often been, to see the weeds you were not careful to pick out, Augustus, in the little garden I bestow'd upon you?

68 *RESIGNATION.*

AUGUSTUS.

Oh, what sorrow you occasion in me! My poor garden! How it must be now disfigur'd! My fine tulip roots! where are they?—Cover'd over with a load of dirt and brickbats.

The FATHER.

I, for my part, hope we shall restore it, very quickly, to its former beauty. But pray, tell me honestly, Augustus; why did you so frequently neglect to tend it, as I wish'd you?

AUGUSTUS.

Why, I thought I had no need to labour; knowing you were rich.

The FATHER.

In that, you thought then, very foolishly; for labour gives us strength of body, health, and appetite; it takes

RESIGNATION. 69

away all restlessness, and makes us sleep by night the better. To enjoy these benefits, I had the forethought to work every day, two hours at least ; and had I suffered you to be continually idle, you would then have grown quite weak ; you would have lost your appetite and chearfulness ; and never known a night's unbroken sleep. With all the riches, you suppos'd me master of, should you in that case, have been happy ?

AUGUSTUS.

No, indeed, Papa ; what good can money do us, if we know not how to lay it out ? And what enjoyment on the softest feather-bed, when we can't sleep ?

70 *RESIGNATION.*

THE FATHER.

Now then, that I am suddenly made poor, won't you resume your labour with more earnestness?

AUGUSTUS.

Yes, doubtless, and shall soon be harden'd to it.

THE FATHER.

And the consequence resulting from it, will be this: that you will soon become more healthful; so that, now you see, by what means we may draw advantage from the loss of all our fortune.

AUGUSTUS.

Yes, indeed, I must acknowledge I begin to understand the thing a little better.

Here, a servant came to tell them

RESIGNATION. 71

breakfast was on table. They went down, and when the afflicted family had finish'd, Mr. — told his cousin he would go into the garden with his children. After walking up and down, the little ones appear'd in some degree reviv'd. 'Twas autumn, and the trees were bending with their produce. In one part, were cherries of a deep red colour. In another, apples of the finest green ; and in another, nuts that every day grew browner than the day before ; while all along the wall, that looked full south, were peaches, nectarines, and grapes, that drew the children's observation towards them, and even made their mouths, as is the expression, water. Seeing them in such a favourable

72. *RÉSIGNATION.*

mood, the father now began, as follows :

O, what a delightful garden ! and what charming fruit I see around me ! do you know who planted all these trees, and who preserves them in such order ?

AUGUSTUS.

I suppose, your cousin.

AUGUSTA.

Yes, I know 'tis he ; for frequently I saw him at the work, when he had done his business in the city. I was one day standing by him, when he made fine work among the branches, here along the wall, and play'd his pruning-knife with great dexterity. Do you observe, said he, my dear Augusta ? It is here, I warrant you,

RESIGNATION. 73

we shall have charming peaches, as you'll see, next autumn. If you'll come and see me then, I'll give you just as many as you like.

The FATHER.

Yes, children: 'tis, indeed, my cousin that keeps all this garden in its present beautiful condition; and it shows you, what advantage is annex'd to labour. Had he chosen to be indolent, there would have been no wall-fruit; every tree would have been eaten up by snails and caterpillars; and instead of yon fine lettuces, there would have very little grown except wild herbs. For my part, you are sensible I cultivated, all last year, my garden without any relaxation, ye

74 RESIGNATION.

had very little fruit; and *that* I had, attain'd not its maturity. Now whence proceeded this?

AUGUSTUS.

You told us whence, Papa. It was occasion'd by the frosts in spring, and the continual rain in summer.

The FATHER.

—Very well; and who decrees the frost and rain?

AUGUSTA.

Who can it be, but God?

The FATHER.

If then, last spring had been as chilly, and last summer no less rainy, should we then have seen so much as
ance?

RESIGNATION. 75

AUGUSTUS.

No, indeed.

The FATHER.

And whom are we indebted to for all this great abundance then?

AUGUSTUS.

To him that made the year before less plentiful.

The FATHER.

You see, then, what God does by virtue of his power. He would not give us fruit last year; and now he gives it us in great abundance. He has also taken away from me my property, and can he not restore it me as easily?

AUGUSTUS.

Nothing can be easier to God's Providence.

F 2

76 *RESIGNATION.*

The FATHER.

'Tis on that circumstance, I place
my trust and hope of better fortune.
Have you never read in scripture, of
a man, who lost whatever he possess'd;
but after, by God's blessing, got much
more?

AUGUSTUS.

Methinks, you speak of Job?

The FATHER.

I do, indeed; but why did God
make Job much richer than he ever
had been?

AUGUSTUS.

I don't know, unless it was because
Job bore his misery with piety and
patience.

The FATHER.

Let us then have no less piety and

patien
future
with c
God
distress
grant u

Oh,
little sh
your lo

And
makes
will do
half?

Becau
and wha

RESIGNATION. 77

patience than Job had. Let us in future pray with fervour ; let us work with courage ; and not only then, will God support us in the midst of our distresses ; but his providence will also grant us many comforts.

AUGUSTUS.

Oh, could I but think it would, how little should I grieve, papa, at any of your losses.

AUGUSTA.

And I too : but pray, papa, what makes you think God's Providence will do so many things in our behalf ?

The FATHER.

Because I rest upon his promises, and what his Holy Spirit, speaking

28 *RESIGNATION.*

thro' the lips of David, tells us ; namely, " Cast thy burden on the Lord, " and he shall sustain thee : he shall " never suffer the righteous to be " moved."

Nor was his virtuous hope and trust deceived. He saw this promise made by God, accomplish'd in the person of his children first of all. Augustus and Augusta drew the best instruction possible from this misfortune they had undergone. They gave their minds up, with incredible attention to the work of study, and employed each hour of relaxation in assisting their dear parents, while employ'd upon the business of the house. Their prayers too were more fervent than they had been ; for as situated no

RESIGNATION. 79

they were, they saw they had no hope but in the favour of God's providence. They had to pass two years in trouble, but their constancy did not belie itself a moment, during all that whole tedious period. Mr. * *, after having got together all the little wrecks of his preceding fortune, took a lodging in the suburbs. His small income, which perhaps, in other hands, would hardly have suffic'd to feed a family, with children,—through his temperance and œconomy did that, and also gave them some degree of education. All the former friends he had procur'd, forgot his services, and no one thought of lightening his distresses. Providence alone took care to manage matters for him. There had

80 RESIGNATION.

come into the ministry, about this time, a virtuous statesman, well acquainted with the talents and integrity of Mr. * * ; and among the first employments which he put his favour with the sovereign to, was that of introducing so respectable a man, to fill a place of trust then vacant in the Treasury. Instructed in the school, we are used to call it, of misfortune, neither did the merchant or his children, in their elevation of prosperity, forget the lessons they had taken in that school. Their days flow'd happily, while they forgot the indifference of their neighbours for them in their season of adversity ; but constantly remember'd all the benefits they had receiv'd from God.

T H E

VETERAN DISMISS'D
WITH HONOUR.

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

C H A R A C T E R S.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

AN OFFICER, *attending him.*

CAPTAIN and Mrs. HARLOW.

BERTRAM,

CECILIA,

HELEN,

} *their children.*

*The Scene is at the entrance of a grove,
before the house of Captain Harlow,
somewhat distant from the road.*

THE
VETERAN DISMISS'D
WITH HONOUR.

SCENE I.

BERTRAM and CECILIA.

*(Cecilia is discover'd sitting on a trunk,
and picking strawberries. Bertram
brings her others, and both hats that
hold the strawberries, are neatly lin'd
with leaves.)*

BERTRAM.

LOOK ye, sister, we shall quickly
have enough.

84 *The VETERAN DISMISS'D*

CECILIA.

I don't know, Bertram, how I shall dispose of mine : my hat is far too full already.

BERTRAM.

Helen cannot sure be long, before she brings the basket ; and indeed she might have gone into the house, found one, and been return'd in much less time than this. However, in the interval, Cecilia, put them in your apron.

CECILIA.

Yes, yes ; that would make a fine to do indeed. To spot it all from top to bottom ! What do you suppose mama would say ? And therefore I have thought of something else.

With H O N O U R. 85

Your hat is biggest, so I'll add my strawberries to your's, and you shall go and gather more, while I am picking these.

BERTRAM.

Well said, indeed! and in the interim, Helen cannot fail to come, and then we shall have got enough.

CECILIA.

When they are all together, we shall see.

BERTRAM.

What's over when the basket's fill'd, we'll take ourselves.

CECILIA.

I think we shall not have much appetite to taste them afterwards. Ah, brother! 'tis the last time we shall eat with our papa this year, and who

86 *The VETERAN DISMISS'D*

can tell, but we may never see him more.

BERTRAM.

O, don't be melancholy, sister. In a battle, 'tis not every one that's kill'd.

CECILIA.

O, frightful war! if men were not so wicked, but would love each other, just as we do—

BERTRAM.

Mighty fine, indeed! And don't we quarrel every day for trifles? We each think we're in the right; and frequently 'twould puzzle any one to find which is. 'Tis just the same among grown men.

CECILIA.

They ought at least, then, to be

friends
worst
shed.

No
them
dren;
govern
Howe
do us

You
dier!

A g
to be
standi
war i
thing.

friends again, as soon as we are. Our worst quarrels never come to bloodshed.

BERTRAM.

No; because our parents settle them: but men, Cecilia, are not children; and won't let themselves be govern'd, if they have but arms. However, should we suffer any one to do us wrong without resisting?

CECILIA.

You are always talking like a soldier!

BERTRAM.

A good reason why; because I am to be one. Look ye, sister; notwithstanding any thing you say against it, war is in reality a very charming thing. Without it, how do you im-

88 *The VETERAN DISMISS'D*

agine we should live? for would the little our papa has, be sufficient to support us? But don't weep. You grieve me.

CECILIA.

Let me weep, dear brother, while we are alone. I had much rather do so here, than in the presence of papa, which would afflict him.

BERTRAM.

Come, come; dry your eyes, and set to work for some amusement. I'll go fill your hat.

CECILIA.

Go that way; for we've left none hereabouts. (*Bertram goes out, and after a moment's silence, she goes on.*)
I would I were but learned enough,
that

With H O N O U R. 89

that I might pray to God; for he would hear me. Or at least, if I were big enough, I would in that case go to court, and fall before the King, and he would surely grant me my papa's dismissal, when I begg'd and pray'd him to oblige me. He has serv'd his country long enough, I think. (*She sets again about picking her strawberries.*)

VOL. XXIV.

G

SCENE IV.

CECILIA, Lord CORNWALLIS, and
the OFFICER.

Lord CORNWALLIS, (*whispering the*
Officer,)

YONDER's the house we were
directed to, where Captain Harlow
lives: he will be very much sur-
pris'd and pleas'd with what I bring
him; a dismissal from the service
with such honour. But what charm-
ing little girl is that? I'll stop and
have some conversation with her;
so don't you address me by my name.
(*To Cecilia, tapping her upon the shoul-*

der.)

I see,

O, S

I ask

did not

are you

berries

good,

a plum

CEC

I be

Don't

clean.

to put t

two or

With H O N O U R. 91

der.) Why, you're very hard at work,
I see, my pretty child.

CECILIA.

O, Sir! you frighten'd me.

Lord CORNWALLIS.

I ask your pardon then, my dear; I
did not mean to do so. And for whom
are you preparing all these straw-
berries? They cannot but be very
good, I fancy, being picked by such
a plump and snowy hand.

CECILIA, (*holding out the hat,*)

I beg then, you will take some, Sir.
Don't be afraid; for they are very
clean. I only wish I had a better plate
to put them in. (*Lord Cornwallis takes*
two or three, as well as his attendant.)

92 *The VETERAN DISMISS'D*

LORD CORNWALLIS.

I never tasted better: do you sell them, little dear?

CECILIA.

No, sir; tho' you should give me
—I can't tell how much.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

You're in the right; they are above
all value, being gather'd by so sweet
a little hand.

CECILIA.

Fie! how you talk, Sir; but
'tis not for that: they should be
at your service, were they not in-
tended for (*wiping her eyes*) my dear
papa. We have not gather'd any for
him yet this season; and perhaps there
will be the last he is to eat of.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

What, my dear, he's ill then? and

you think he'll die?

The OFFICER.

'Tis notwithstanding, to be hoped, his illness is not desperate, since he thinks of eating strawberries.

CECILIA.

No, not that. 'Tis true, indeed, he has been troubled with the rheumatism all last winter, to a very great degree; and is not yet quite cured. But cured or not, he must set out to-morrow.

Lord CORNWALLIS.

And why, pray, is his departure then so needful?

CECILIA.

Oh, because his regiment passes through the village; and he needs must join it on the march. G 3

94 *The VETERAN DISMISS'D*

LORD CORNWALLIS.

His regiment ?

CECILIA.

Yes, my Lord Cornwallis's, that's going to America.

LORD CORNWALLIS, (*aside to the officer,*)

Now, I would lay you any wager, this is one of Capt. Harlow's children.

CECILIA, (*having heard him,*)

Yes, that's my papa—And do you know him?

LORD CORNWALLIS.

Know him ? Why, the gentleman and I are both his comrades.

CECILIA.

What ! and is the regiment then so near ?—Will it go through the town to-day ?

LORD CORNWALLIS.

No, no ; not till to-morrow. We are come, my dear, before it ;—and and—(*aside to the officer.*) What excuse can I invent to serve my purpose ?—(*To Cecilia*), And a wheel belonging to our carriage being broke hard by, we thought to get a little shade here, while 'twas mending. And now every thing I fancy, must be set to rights. This path, I take it, leads directly to the road again.

CECILIA.

No, sir ; it takes you to the village.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

And the village, I suppose, belong to your papa ?

96 *The VETERAN DISSMIS'D*

CECILIA.

Belongs to him? I wish indeed, he were so rich: for he has nothing but a little cottage, with a garden, this small grove, and yonder meadow. When he's not from home, he passes all his time here with us.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

He was ill then, in the winter?

CECILIA.

Yes, indeed, Sir, to our sorrow; and he could not move a limb. Besides, a wound which he received these many years ago, below the temple, has broke out afresh. And now that he is almost well, he needs must go again to meet with new misfortunes.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

Why, in such a situation, does he

not sell out? He might procure sufficient attestations from the surgeon.

CECILIA.

Oh, mama did that in private for him; but her letters never yet were answered. Certainly, the king refuses to believe her; or perhaps, *that* Lord Cornwallis, who commands the regiment, is so cruel—

LORD CORNWALLIS.

Truly, I believe my Lord Cornwallis would not like to lose so good an officer as your papa, by whose instructions I myself, and all the younger officers may learn so much.

CECILIA.

And yet you do not seem so very

98 *The VETERAN DISMISS'D*

young ; but pray, is your mama still living ?

LORD CORNWALLIS, (*a little disconcerted,*)

Do you doubt it ?

CECILIA.

Oh, I warrant you, she cried at parting with you. How could she consent to lose you ? I remember how much grief it caused mama and us, when first my eldest brother went abroad to study ; and that's nothing in comparison of war.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

I can't tell that ; for I have left them after many separations ; in which case 'tis nothing to leave one another. And besides, when first I went to camp, my father too went with me.

With H O N O U R. 69

CECILIA.

Did he? Oh, those fathers that themselves are soldiers, I can tell you, are a little hard; but yet, that's not the case with our papa. He's so indulgent! Why, a child is scarce so gentle! 'Tis upon the point of honour only, he can never be persuaded: so that after all, I fancy, he himself is to be blamed, and no one else, for still remaining in the service.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

Aye, indeed? And how is that?

CECILIA.

Because he never asked for his dismissal. He is ever saying, people would imagine him a coward, should he quit the service during war. He only wishes he may always have but

100 *The VETERAN DISMISS'D*

strength enough to sit on horseback; and then says, he'll part with every drop of blood he has, to serve his country. Well then, he will be at one time or another satisfied; but we poor children, then, shall be without a father.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

Recollect, your father has been hitherto preserved from danger; and why should he not continue still as safe? It is not every bullet hits.

CECILIA.

But those that do, kill commonly their man; and in the number, may there not be one will reach papa?

LORD CORNWALLIS.

That's true, indeed: but what sweet little lady may this be?

With H O N O U R. 101

CECILIA.

My sister Helen.

S C E N E V.

CECILIA, Lord CORNWALLIS, the
OFFICER, and HELEN.

CECILIA.

SO, then, Helen, you are come at
last, I see; and where have you been
staying?

HELEN.

Why, mama would make me
help her to do up papa's portman-
teau.

102 *The VETERAN DISMISS'D*

CECILIA.

Where's the basket? let me have it.

HELEN.

Have you gathered strawberries enough to fill it?

CECILIA.

You shall see. (*emptying the hat.*)
Your pardon, gentlemen.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

Oh, don't mind us. (*Whispering the officer,*) What lovely children!

HELEN, (*whispering Cecilia*),
Who may these be?

CECILIA, (*whispering Helen*),
Officers in Lord Cornwallis's regiment.

HELEN.

Do they come to fetch papa?

CECILIA.

No, no: they are before the regiment, which will not go thro' the village till to-morrow, as papa expected.

HELEN.

Ah! would all the officers, together with the regiment, were at Jericho!

CECILIA.

Speak lower, Helen; for suppose the gentlemen should hear you?

HELEN.

Let them hear me, if they like it. What! they come to take away papa, and shall not we have leave to make complaint?

LORD CORNWALLIS, (*whispering the officer,*)

Methinks, we are not looked upon too favourably here?

THE OFFICER.

Why then, my Lord, don't you disclose yourself, and mention the good news you bring their father?

LORD CORNWALLIS.

No. Their openness delights me; and the affection they evince in favour of their parents, ravishes my heart.

CECILIA, (*to Helen,*)

Poor Bertram's hard at work, while we are chattering here, without once thinking of him. I'll be gone, and help him. Helen, stay you here, and take care how you speak before these gentlemen.

HELEN.

Go, go; I don't want your instructions.

CECILIA

No,
VOL.

CECILIA.

Here's my sister, Helen : I present
her to you, gentlemen.

HELEN, (*with a little forwardness,*)

Your servant, gentlemen.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

She has a countenance as resolute as
yours is timid.

CECILIA.

She will stay to entertain you,
gentlemen ; for I must run and help
my brother to gather strawberries ; so
that we may all go back the sooner to
papa. Will you permit me to inform
him of your visit ? he will certainly
be very happy to receive you.

HELEN.

No, he will not : nor yet any one
VOL. XXIV. H

106 *The VETERAN DISMISS'D*
among us. We should be quite happy
were we left alone with him to-day.

CECILIA.

I hope your kindness will excuse
this little mad-cap.

HELEN.

Oh, yes, to be sure! Excuse me?
Why, these gentlemen are sensible
that little girls, when strangers are at
table, must not speak a word; and I
have twenty thousand things to tell
papa at parting, which will otherwise
go near to break my heart.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

Dear children, don't fear any thing:
you shall not be disturb'd by us in
your delightful conversation. (*Cecilia
makes a graceful curtsy, and with-
draws.*)

HELEN.

But, pray, tell me, gentlemen, what reason has the King for taking thus away a good papa from us poor children? Does he think we don't want one to bring us up?

LORD CORNWALLIS.

No, no: but then, do *you* think we don't want good soldiers to go out and fight?

HELEN.

And what necessity for fighting? Or suppose there should be any, surely our papa, when he would stay at home to give his children a good education, is not useless to his country.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

No, indeed; especially my pretty

108 *The VETERAN DISMISS'D*

Helen, if his other little ones improve as you do.

HELEN.

I believe you jest. I know I'm thought a little forward in the family; and I have heard it said, that if I had but a cockade, I should not fail to make a tolerable soldier.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

A little Amazon! Why, you would be a perfect heroine!

HELEN.

I can tell you, if I only had a sword, I would not then be laughed at.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

Nay, if that be all, here's mine: I'll arm you with it.

HELEN.

Do: I should be very glad.

Lord CORNWALLIS, (*presenting the sword, and stooping to salute her,*)

This is the first ceremony.

CECILIA, (*keeps him off,*)

Softly! softly! I beseech you, Sir,

Lord CORNWALLIS, (*attempting it again,*)

Oh, you're a charming child!

HELEN, (*running from him.*)

Brother! Sister!

Lord CORNWALLIS.

Mighty well, Miss Soldier! you're afraid of me, I see then?

HELEN.

I afraid of you! Oh, no. But don't however, come too near, or I

110 *The VETERAN DISMISS'D*
shall run and fetch papa. Papa's
an officer as well as you are, and
won't suffer any one to hurt his little
Helen.

Lord CORNWALLIS.

Heaven forbid I should design
to hurt you: Is was only done in
joke.

SCENE VI.

Lord CORNWALLIS, the OFFICER
HELEN, CECILIA, and BERTRAM

BERTRAM, (*coming boldly forward*)
YOU cried out just now, Helen
I am come to your assistance.

With H O N O U R. 111

LORD CORNWALLIS.
Against us, my little friend?

BERTRAM.
Aye, any one that hurts my sister.

HELEN.

Thank you, brother; but I did not mean to cry out quite so loud, and have no need of your assistance; for you see, there's one whom I've disarm'd. However, Sir, (*returning Lord Cornwallis his sword,*) this once I grant you quarter. But don't come too near in future. I believe you understand me?

LORD CORNWALLIS.

Why, I vow, you're an extraordinary little creature!

112 *The VETERAN DISMISS'D*

CECILIA.

I am charm'd to hear you tell her so; but gentlemen, at last we've gather'd strawberries enough to share some with you, (*presenting them the basket,*) Take a few, let me request you.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

No, indeed; we don't intend to touch them; they have too respectable a destination, that for our parts, we should think of making free with any.

CECILIA.

Those you take will all be from our share; and there will be no harm done, should we go without. You both are in papa's own regiment; and 'tis fitting we should treat you with as much respect as we are able.

HELEN, *taking a nosegay out of her bosom, and presenting it to Lord Cornwallis,*)

Ah! on that account, I'll beg you to accept this nosegay I had gather'd for myself. Papa and ma' already have had one a piece; or I could not have given you this; but it belongs to me, Sir, and I give it you.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

And I, my little dear, accept it with the greatest pleasure.

HELEN.

It is somewhat faded by the sun; but if you'll stay a little, I will run and gather you some jessamin, violets, and jonquils in my garden.

CECILIA.

Helen, you remember, I believe,

114 *The VETERAN DISMISS'D*
the rose-bush just before my window?
You may gather all the roses that are
blown upon it.

HELEN.

Well, Sir, shall I?

LORD CORNWALLIS.

Would you have that kindness, my
dear child! But no, I thank you;
for the pleasure of conversing with
you charms me more than all the
roses in the universe would.

HELEN.

I have a notion strikes me. Pos-
sibly you know what way an officer
should take to quit the service hon-
ourably. Could you not afford up
some good counsel to procure papa's
dismissal?

CECILIA.

If you could, we should be very glad to give you every thing we have.

BERTRAM, (*who has hitherto amus'd himself, by playing with the hilt of Lord Cornwallis's sword, and looking at his uniform,*)

O yes, if you can only tell us how to keep papa at home, my drum, spon-
toon, cartouch-box, and accoutre-
ments shall all be yours.

HELEN, (*with a smile,*)

And I will give you, freely, what you fought just now to take by force.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

So many charming things at once !
believe me, if I did but know—

CECILIA, (*sorrowfully,*)

You did but know ! So then we

116 *The VETERAN DISMISS'D*

only make things worse, and grieve you that you cannot be of service to us.

HELEN.

O, I don't give up so soon. My Lord Cornwallis, Colonel of the regiment, very soon will pass this way. Well then, we three will go and throw ourselves before him, hang upon his clothes, and not let him go, till he has granted our desire.

CECILIA.

Yes, sister, he shall see our tears; and we will tell him, how extremely ill papa was all the winter; how indifferent he is at present; and how much we shall lament his going from us. Do you think, Sir, he would be

With H O N O U R. 117

so cruel, as to send us from him, and not grant us our request?

LORD CORNWALLIS.

I cannot think that of him, my little friends: but if he be not come already on his way thus far, there's room to fear, he will delay his setting out from London, longer; and you know, in that case, you would lose your pains, as your papa must march to-morrow. Happily, however, there's a gentleman, his friend, who can do every thing, as if he were my Lord himself; and he's at present with the regiment, serving as a volunteer.

BERTRAM.

A volunteer?

LORD CORNWALLIS.

Yes; so they call it: one whose wish is to acquire a knowledge of the art of war, assisted by my Lord's instructions. I can answer for it, he will grant whatever your papa may wish for.

CECILIA.

And is he your friend?

LORD CORNWALLIS.

Yes truly.

CECILIA.

Then for Heaven's sake, Sir, speak to him in Papa's behalf, that he may not be parted from his family, who live but by his means; and if he must leave England, do you soften if you can, his service; and, at any time, should he be sick or wounded—

HELEN.

Wounded? don't, Sir, wait till he is wounded; but in case a sabre should be rais'd against him, run you in, and save him from the blow.

Lord CORNWALLIS, (*aside*,)

How difficult I find it, to keep still conceal'd!—No, generous little souls, fear nothing: I'll be answerable for his safety with my life.

CECILIA.

We may rely upon you then? How much you charm us, Sir! Yet do not upon that account, forget to speak about him, to the volunteer you just now mention'd. I could talk still further to you on this subject; but your heart will tell you every thing

120 *The VETERAN DISMISS'D*

I may have left unsaid ; and our papa, whom we shall lose to-morrow, may be waiting for us.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

Go, dear children ; but first take some trifle from me, as a recompence for that agreeable half-hour I've spent in conversation with you. Here, my sweet Cecilia, take this ring. It is too big, but may with ease be fitted to your finger.

CECILIA, (*refusing the ring,*)

No, no, Sir, Mama perhaps would be displeas'd ; and so too would papa, whose least reproach I would not for the world deserve, particularly as to-morrow he must leave us,

LORD

With H O N O U R. 121

LORD CORNWALLIS.

You must absolutely take it. Should he be displeas'd, I'll undertake to reconcile you with him, when he joins the regiment, if I cannot, by my speaking to the volunteer, prevent his leaving England.

CECILIA, (*taking it,*)

Well then, he shall bring it you, in that case ; and if otherwise, I shall be very happy to remember you, as often as I look upon it.

HELEN.

Come, come, Sister : 'tis high time we should be gone.

CECILIA.

And you, my lovely Helen, I suppose, would not be sorry to remember

VOL. XXIV.

1

222 *The VETERAN DISMISS'D*
me? See here's a copper etui gilt;
and at the top, a composition stone,
they call it a false diamond.

HELEN, (*looking at it,*)

Yes, I understand you : but there's
nothing false about it, but your
words. 'Tis gold, that I am sure of,
and a real diamond. I won't have
it. You have been a plundering for it.
My papa's a captain, Sir, as well as
you ; but cannot make such presents,
for he never went a plundering in his
life.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

Take, take it : there's no plunder-
ing in the case. It would be useless
to me in the field ; and therefore, if
you will not have it, as a present, keep
for me, till such time as I return.

HELEN.

O, that I will, with all my heart.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

And now, perhaps, you have a kiss
to give me for security.

HELEN.

No, no; I've told you the con-
ditions.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

Well then, I'll do all I can to get
one.

HELEN.

And I'll keep the *you know what*,
Sir, till that time.—Come, brother.

BERTRAM.

Go you first: I'll follow you im-
mediately; for I have something I

124 *The VETERAN DISMISS'D*
would say in private to this gentleman.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

I'll speak this moment with you
(*The officer, who some little time before
had withdrawn; returns; and gives
my Lord a pocket-book: they whisper
one another.*)

HELEN, (*whispering Bertram,*)

What! and should you like a present too?

CECILIA, (*in a whisper likewise,*)

Fie, brother! I should never have suspected you of so much meanness.

BERTRAM.

And fie you too, Sister, that can entertain so mean a notion of your brother! I have something very different

and much more important also, I should like to ask about.

HELEN.

Well now, if I were in a merry mood, I could not but burst out a laughing, at the gravity with which you speak of your important something.

BERTRAM.

Aye; and were not you my sister, I would make you squeak, Miss Sauce-box, for suspecting me.

HELEN, (*going out with Cecilia,*)

Well, manage your important something properly.

SCENE V.

Lord CORNWALLIS, the OFFICER,
and BERTRAM.

Lord CORNWALLIS.

I'M glad, dear Bertram, you desire to stay. We were not quite acquainted; but at present, and particularly as my friend here tells me, they have not yet set my chaise to rights, we shall have some more minutes to stand talking with each other.

BERTRAM.

So we shall: but don't imagine I remain here to get something from you.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

How?

BERTRAM.

Because you gave my sisters each a present, you might fancy I want one: but I protest, Sir, I shall not take any thing.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

Unlucky, for me, too, I have nothing I can offer you.

BERTRAM.

Unluckily? I'm glad you have not for now neither can be tempted.

LORD CORNWALLIS, (*aside to the officer,*)

I'm charm'd with his disinterestedness, and never saw a lovelier figure

128 *The VETERAN DISMISS'D*

BERTRAM.

I've but one question, Sir, to ask you.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

And what's that, my friend?

BERTRAM.

You told my sister, such a gentleman was with the army as a volunteer. Pray, what's a volunteer?

LORD CORNWALLIS.

A volunteer's a foldier that may fight or not fight, as he chuses.

BERTRAM.

Oh, if I were to turn foldier, it should be to fight; and I would gladly be a volunteer on that condition.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

But a volunteer must have a deal

of money : have you any ?

BERTRAM.

No : but then the King has. And pray, is he not obliged to keep his soldiers ?

LORD CORNWALLIS.

No ; for as a volunteer is not compelled to fight, it is but just he should subsist himself.

BERTRAM.

I am extremely sorry to hear this : but if I wanted only bread and water, or should beg the regiment to receive me, Sir, instead of my papa ;—what then ?

LORD CORNWALLIS.

Poor child ! and what sort of a figure would you cut before a com-

130 *The VETERAN DISMISS'D*
pany?—You ought to have experience and authority.

BERTRAM.]

If I have not enough of either to command, I must have, surely to obey. Let me be any thing, provided I may serve.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

Should you be barely capable of following in the march?

BERTRAM.

I'll go as far as I'm able; and when tir'd, let me be lifted up among the baggage; or I'll ride upon a cannon. Are you fearful I should lag behind?

LORD CORNWALLIS.

But if you were to serve instead of your papa, you don't remember you must part with him, as much

as if he went himself.

BRETRAM.

And don't you think, I should rejoice to be the means of keeping him at home here, with mama and sisters? You would hardly lose by such a change. Unhappily, my dear papa will not be able to serve long; and I shall very soon be what he was. I love a soldier's business to my heart. I know a power of marches, and can play them on my fife. Look, here's a book of songs: 'tis called the *Grenadier's Delight*. I'll give it you. I know the whole by heart.

LORD CORNWALLIS, (*aside to the officer,*)

I have a thought. (*to Bertram,*) I would not wish a better present; and

132 *The VETERAN DISMISS'D*
in turn, I'll give you, not indeed a
book of songs, my little Bertram, but
a single song.

BERTRAM.

A song, indeed, I may accept of.
Lord CORNWALLIS, *feeling in his
pocket.*)

Hold, here's in the first place one
you'll give your father.

BERTRAM.

Oh, he never sings, sir, now ; and
likes no music but the cannon's.

Lord CORNWALLIS.

That don't signify. I'm sure you'll
both be pleas'd with this, —even if
you do but read it. And here's (*tak-
ing a paper out of his pocket-book,*) one
for you.

BERTRAM, (*jumping for joy,*) Oh,

thank you! Let me see, now, if I know it.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

No, no, Bertram: you shall read them after we have left you. (*He puts the two papers together, and thrusts them into Bertram's pocket.*) Let me put them both into your pocket; and take care you don't lose either.— Now farewell, my little friend, and since you love a soldier's life, I'll have you for my comrade.

BERTRAM, (*jumping into his arms,*)

Yes, I will be so; I'll always love you; and the first engagement I am in, I'll all the while be at your side.

THE OFFICER.

We'll go, and let the regiment know you're coming.

134 *The VETERAN DISMISS'D*
BERTRAM.

Do ; And pray, Sir, give me a good word.

LORD CORNWALLIS, *(retiring with the officer,)*

I feel how much the father's heart must bleed to quit such lovely children : and rejoice, on that account, to be the bearer of such welcome tidings as the paper, now in Bertram's pocket, will inform him of. Let us withdraw a little to some corner, where we may unseen remark him. *(They get among the trees, and Bertram has his eye upon them till they both are out of sight.)*

BERTRAM, *(alone, and sitting for a little while profoundly thoughtful on*

With H O N O U R. 135

the trunk; then getting up, and walking to and fro.)

Why should he desire to set papa a singing? (*taking the papers out.*) Ha, ha! this paper's seal'd!—there must be something funny in it, I suppose. So let me see my own, (*opening it.*) Is this a song? It does not look like one. The words go after one another, all along the line. (*reading,*) *I promise to pay to Mr. Abraham Newland, or bearer, on demand, the sum of fifty pounds."* I don't know any tune will suit these words. (*reading again*) *London, December 1, 1786. For the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. John Larkin."* He means to make a fool, I fancy, of me, calling this a song. 'Tis all concerning mo-

136 *The VETERAN DISMISS'D*
ney!—Mr. Captain! Mr. Captain!
(*running out the way he went.*)

SCENE VI.

BERTRAM, Captain HARLOW, (*pale
and feeble,*) Mrs. HARLOW, and
CECILIA.

Capt. HARLOW.

WHERE, where is he? (*perceiv-
ing Bertram,*) Bertram, where's my
Lord?

BERTRAM, (*looking about him,*)
My Lord! I have not seen the least
bit of a Lord,

HELEN

HELEN.

That handsome gentleman we talked with.

CECILIA,

He that gave me this fine ring. Papa says, no one but a Lord could make so grand a present.

BERTRAM, (*vexed*,)

Blockhead as I've shown myself, in not discovering who he was!

CECILIA.

Oh! what a fine, fine gentleman!

HELEN.

So good and so familiar! Oh my sweet etui! I'll keep you all my lifetime, now.

Capt. HARLOW.

How long has he been gone?

VOL. XXIV.

K

BERTRAM.

This moment I was running after him.

Capt. HARLOW.

To-morrow, fortunately, I shall join his Lordship; for it must be Lord Cornwallis; 'tis his cypher that's engrav'd on the etui: and I can tell him then, how much my children are obliged to him for his benevolence. I am, however, sorry I had not an opportunity of asking him to lodge for one night with us. Should you not have been rejoiced to entertain him, children?

BERTRAM.

Oh, yes, yes, papa. He called me comrade, when he took his leave,

HELEN.

For my part, though I like him, yet I'm glad he's gone; for had he staid, we should not have been able then to talk as if we lov'd you.

Capt. HARLOW.

Helen's in the right. I should not have been free to mix my tears with yours, dear children, in his presence.

Mrs. HARLOW.

And on that account I wish I might have had his company. The violence you must have done your sorrows, would, in that case, have enabled me to keep down mine; and since to-morrow we must lose you——

CECILIA.

Oh! don't speak of that, mama.

Capt. HARLOW.

Dear children, possibly, I shall not leave you long. Peace cannot be far off: it is the wish of every one in England; and no sooner shall that wish be gratified, but I will instantly come back, and never part with you again.

Mrs. HARLOW.

But yet, till things are settled, you must unavoidably be from us; and what comfort shall we have as long as you are absent?

CECILIA.

With what pleasure would I not return him his fine ring, if he would leave you with us?

With H O N O U R. 141

HELEN.

And I likewise his etui !

BERTRAM.

And I too, his new-fashion'd song ?
See, see what he has put into my hand
here. Was there ever such a song be-
fore ?

Capt. HARLOW.

Let's see. (*Having read a little*) What
bounty in this nobleman ! and what a
charming way he has too of obliging !
He has given you here an order for
receiving a whole pocket full of gold ?

BERTRAM.

What ! has he trick'd me ? When
you see him, give him back his money:
I won't have it. But there's something

K 3

142 *The VETERAN DISMISS'D*

else; and he has given me likewise here a song for you.

Capt. HARLOW.

A song for me, my little fellow;
You are dreaming!

BERTRAM, (*drawing the sealed paper
out of his pocket,*)

No, no: here it is.

The CHILDREN, (*smiling at each
other, and approaching their papa
with looks of curiosity.*)

A song! a song!

Capt. HARLOW.

Good Heavens! what's this then?
—The king's coat of arms! (*He opens
the packet with a trembling hand, and
looking at the signature, cries out*) and
figuet! (*Then casting his eyes over the*

three or four first lines, breaks forth again) Is it possible?—Dear wife, and little ones—rejoice! rejoice!

Mrs. HARLOW.

If you stay with us!

Capt. HARLOW:

Let me read the letter out. (*They all come round him, and stand silent while he reads.*) Oh! unexpected joy! (*Continues reading*). No, no; it must be all a dream, in which my pleased imagination forms the brilliantest chimeras!—And yet, stay; for I'm awake, and every thing is real, though I never could have hoped for so much happiness.

Mrs. HARLOW.

I'm dying with impatience to know every thing.

CECILIA.

Well, well ; what is it, dear Papa ?

HELEN.

What pain you keep us in !

BERTRAM.

I want to see your song.

Capt. HARLOW, (*embracing his wife and children.*) I am to stay with you, my life !—We are not to be separated, my dear children ! — (*Giving Mrs. Harlow the letter*)) Yes, yes ; read yourself,

Mrs. HARLOW.

I tremble every limb, and cannot.

All speaking at once.

With H O N O U R. 145

The CHILDREN, (*unable to contain themselves for joy,*)

Our Papa stays with us!

Capt. HARLOW.

Yes, yes, children. I shall not go to America, or leave you; and yet still continue in the service: in a way so honourable!—

Mrs. HARLOW, (*coming to herself,*)

And how? how, my life?

Capt. HARLOW..

The king, informed (but how I know not) of my illness, and commiserating the condition I am in, permits my staying here in England; but, to recompense my services, (and these are his own words,) confers upon me the command of Upnor Castle, with the rank of colonel.

146 *The VETERAN DISMISS'D*

Mrs. HARLOW.

What, my dear ?

CECILIA.

Joy ! joy !

HELEN.

So then, papa, there's not a greater man in all the army.

BERTRAM.

And you're made a colonel, are you ?

Capt. HARLOW.

Yes ; and, for the first time in my life, entirely happy. But my dearest life, (*to Mrs. Harlow,*) shall I be pardoned, when I tell you such an honour is not on account of any step I took to get it ?—It is come, I can't tell how.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Yes, yes ; I know that very well. 'Twas I did what I could ; though

what I did was never meant for such an honour, joined to so much happiness. They must be both, however, placed to the account of my solicitation.

HELEN.

Ah! the naughty man, say I; but that mama took greater care of us than he did.

CECILIA.

So, papa, then you deceived us?

Capt. HARLOW.

Yes, my little deary: but still, what could I have done? I've only this excuse to offer; that false modesty restrained me from requesting my dismissal, though I should have thought I could not be of any real service to my country. I was not,

however, then quite sensible of my condition, but now feel it: yes, I feel within me, that my constitution is no longer fit for the fatigue of arms.

Mrs. HARLOW.

And this false modesty would have been death to me, and left these innocents without a father, but that Providence has ordered your affairs much better. Every thing, however, now, is to be pardoned. All I wish is, we had here the generous nobleman who brought us this glad news, that we might thank him for the kindness he has shown our little ones, and also for his message, which, if truth were known, I dare engage he has in some degree been instrumental in procuring; for what likelihood that I, an

unknown woman, of myself should have so far succeeded beyond every thing I even wished?

Capt. HARLOW.

At least, if we had but enjoyed the opportunity of granting him the hospitality of one night's lodging with us.

BERTRAM.

We'll run different ways, and overtake him if we can.

Capt. HARLOW.

Go, go. It grieves me I can't follow you.

HELEN.

If we can meet with him, and he will but accompany us back, he shall have then, instead of *one*, three kisses.

SCENE the Last.

BERTRAM, Captain HARLOW, Mrs.
HARLOW, CECILIA, HELEN, Lord
CORNWALLIS, of the OFFICER.

LORD CORNWALLIS, (*running from his
biding place, and laying hold of Helen,*)

SHALL I?—'Tis a match, my little
maid. (*He kisses her three times.*)

CECILIA and BERTRAM.

My lord! my lord!

HELEN, (*a little out of countenance,*)

You've almost scared me with your
kisses!

Capt. HARLOW.

O, my worthy general! what

With H O N O U R. 151

words will shew you half my gratitude?

Mrs. HARLOW.

How can my children and myself express our obligations? Who we are indebted to for such a blessing, we at present know not; but your lordship is the bearer of a paper, that to me restores a husband, and a father to my children.

Lord CORNWALLIS.

For this blessing, you and they are debtors to the king. I have done nothing but solicited his bounty, wishing I might prove the channel it should flow through. Hearing accidentally, dear madam, of your application, I determined to support it with my little interest, and, if pos-

152 *The VETERAN DISMISS'D*
sible, get more than was solicited.
You owe this interference to my
knowledge of the captain's merit, be-
ing, as I was, convinced how much
he had instructed his inferior officers,
and been of benefit to those above
him. Upon this account, I did not
think it reasonable he should still be
forced to serve among us, when in-
firmity made service painful to him.
And still more, to shew how heartily
I prosecuted this affair, I took advan-
tage of our march so near his habita-
tion, to bring down, myself, the news
of my success, and glad the bosom of
his spouse and children with it. This,
believe me, is a joy I never shall for-
get. (*He holds out his hand to Capt.*

Harley.

With H O N O U R. 153

*Harlow, who with transport clasps
and kisses it.)*

Capt. HARLOW.

And is it possible I should have met
with such a generous friend, who, of
his own accord, has seconded an ap-
plication which the affection of a va-
luable wife was making for me, but
without my knowledge. No one,
who has less than your benevolence,
my lord, could have so heartily en-
deavoured to promote the happiness
of an afflicted family.

Mrs. HARLOW.

Then likewise, you have made such
handsome presents to my children !

CECILIA.

I am now ashamed I took this
VOL. XXIV. L

154 *The VETERAN DISMISS'D*
ring. I did not think it was of so
much value.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

I must own 'tis pretty ; but much
more so, on your charming hand.
It is indeed so altered, I no longer
know it.

HELEN.

Neither would you, I suppose, sir,
your etui ; and therefore I'll not
speak a word about it.

BERTRAM.

As for me, I give you back your
sorg. It is not what you meant to
let me have.

LORD CORNWALLIS.

Then be it a mistake, and, since I
have already made it, pardon me ; to
which, I hope your good papa will add

another favour; that his Bertram may be made an ensign. I'll give orders for it, if he chuses I should do so.

Capt. HARLOW.

If I chuse, my lord! You are the guardian angel sent to succour us!

BERTRAM.

But is it in your regiment?

Lord CORNWALLIS.

Yes, my little friend.

BERTRAM.

Ah! how rejoic'd I am! I'll go this moment with you, and the name of my papa shall not so quickly be forgotten in the army.

Capt. HARLOW.

You've conferred so many favours

156 *The VETERAN DISMISS'D*
on me!—would you not vouchsafe
me, now, one more I am about to
ask?

LORD CORNWALLIS.

I apprehend your meaning, and
so far from not vouchsafing, beg you
to bestow it; namely, an asylum
in your house, one night, for my com-
panion and myself; (*Captain and Mrs.*
Harlow bow respectfully) provided,
notwithstanding, Helen pleases!

HELEN.

O! since my papa is to remain a-
mong us, stay as long as you think
proper.

CECILIA.

may hope, my lord, that now
you will consent to eat a few more
strawberries?

HELEN.

You will make them no less sweet to us, than I imagined your arrival would have made them bitter.

BERTRAM.

Yes, my lord, come in, and honour my papa by eating with us; and, in future, will I do whatever I am able, to deserve a second honour like it—in your lordship's tent.

End of XXIVth and Last Volume.

110

111

112

113

114

115

116

117

118

119

120

121

122

123

124

125

126

127

128

129

130

131

132

133

134

135

136

137

138

139

140

141

142

143

144

145

146



TO THE
ENCOURAGERS
OF THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

THIS work has uniformly been devoted to the purpose of instructing children in their duty; and the Author, we are confident has said enough, not only to point it out with suitable

precision, but also to render it delightful. As every day however, they are advancing fast to men and women, there remains still another task ; which if accomplish'd, will be acceptable both to their friends and parents : that task is, to direct them, in reflecting upon every occurrence, and likewise to extend their knowledge. Hitherto, in works of this nature, they have been looked on, as connected only with their parents, play-mates, and domestics, or confin'd in schools, or in their own habitations ; but it ought to be considered, that in

time they will contract different relations in society at large. The Editor has therefore had it long in contemplation, to publish another work, adapted to the understanding of that portion of the Rising Generation, that have pass'd the straits of childhood, and expatiate on the open plane of juvenility. The title of this work will be **THE FRIEND OF YOUTH**; and he designs, it shall consist, in part, of pieces written by himself, for which he humbly conceives, he is in some measure fitted from experience; and also, in part of extracts from such French

and German writers, as have turn'd their thoughts to such an object. His present encouragers will therefore please to consider of the propriety of his plan ; and provided they approve of it, he respectfully solicits their patronage to a subscription, which he has already opened—a subscription which will enable him to publish a Work, that, though it should possess no other use, will admirably tend, by means of reading, no less pleasant than improving, to fill up that vacant time which generally hangs so heavy upon all young people.

Hitherto the volumes have in size been suited to the little hands of children, and had distances between the lines ; as fuller pages might have tir'd their tender sight ; but if this novel plan should take effect, the volumes will be larger, and the lines less distant, so that in the course of twelve such volumes, which it is proposed shall be published at a shilling each, the work will not only be cheap, but the reading multifarious ; and if the public patronage will allow of any extra matters, elegant engravings will be given upon interesting passa-

ges selected from the publication.

The translator having thrown out these few hints, while he ventures to solicit the aid of his friends in favour of a second plan, requests that *this* may still be recommended by his present patrons, whose endeavours to promote his interest as an author, call upon him for whatever thanks a grateful disposition can evince.

If they should procure additional subscribers for him, either to the work now finish'd, or to

that in contemplation, they are
earnestly desir'd to honour him,
with letters, to be left at
No. 7, Thanet Place, near Tem-
ple Bar.

THE
EDITOR

CONTINUES TO INSTRUCT
Young LADIES & GENTLEMEN

Privately at their respective Houses,
In LANGUAGES, ARTS and SCIENCES

Letters left for him at Mr. BEW
No. 28, Paternoster-Row; or
Mr. GEARY's, No. 27, Great
Marlborough Street, will be im-
mediately answered.

SUBSCRIBERS,

IN ADDITION to those printed
at the beginning of the FIRST
VOLUME.

MR. Adam, *Gracechurch-street*

— Adams, Esqr. near *Bedford-square*

Anonymous, at *Lambeth*, 3 sets

Lady A——, *Essex*

Mrs. Atkinson, *Drury-lane*

Miss Atkinson, *Lower Tooting*

Edward Barnett, Esqr. *Henrietta-
street, Covent-garden*, 2 additional
sets

Mrs. Barclay, *Clapham*, 2 sets

Wisdom Barrett, Esqr. *Mount-street*

Mrs. Barwick

Mrs. Beeby, *Conduit-street*

Mr. Bettessworth, *Naval Academy*,
Chelsea

Thomas Bingley, jun. Esq. *Great*
St. Helen's

Mr. Binks, *Strand*, 2 additional sets

Thomas Birch, Esqr. *Bond-street*

Mr. Bond, *Lambeth*, 2 sets

Miss Booth, *Strand*

Mrs. Boyne, *Haydon*

Mrs. Brodie, *Old Burlington-street*

John Brogden, Esqr. *Clapham*

Mr. Browne, *Clapton*]

Miss Bull, *Mitcham*

John Burford, Esqr. *India-house*

J. S. Burford, Esqr.

The Miss Burfoots

Mr. Bushby

Thos. Birks, Esq. *Laleham*

Miss Cade, *Greenwich*

Mr. Canton, *Spital-square*

Mrs. Castlefranc, *Clapham*

Mrs. Chatfield, *Norfolk-street, Strand*

Robert Chatfield, Esq. *India-house*

Miss Chatfield, *Croydon*

Mr. Clarke, *Bury-street, St. James's*

Mrs. Ciarke, *Lower Tooting, 2 sets*

Mr. Gedney Clarke, *London*

Mr. Clotton, *Cuckfield, Sussex*

James Cobb, Esqr. *India-house*

C. T. Coggan, Esqr. *India-house*

John Coggan, Esqr. *2 sets*

Miss Coggan, *Leadenhall street*

Mrs. Colebrooke, *Colebrook Row, Islington*

Mrs. Corbie, *Upper Thames street*

Daniel Colket, Esqr. *Ely Place*

William Coningham, Esqr. *Canonile street*

Mrs. Crisp, *Stoke Newington, 3 sets*

Miss Cuming, *Clapham*

Captain Edward Cumming, *Charles street, Cavendish street*

Mrs Curtis, *Hummerton*

Mr. Dale, *Oxford road*

Mrs. Dawkes, *Wakworth*

— Deacon, Esqr. *Custom house*

Miss Deafon, *Cannon street*

Mrs. Denew, *Wardour street*

Mr. Denew, *Wardour street*

Mr. Denman, *Old Burlington street*

Rev. John D E Veil, *Rector of Boln-*
hurst, Bedfordshire

Rev. Dr. Dering, *Old Jewry*

George Dominicus, Esqr. *India house*

Viscountess Downe, *Charles street,*
Berkeley square

Miss Eade, *Stoke Newington*

Mr. Eaton, *Bury street, St. James's*

Mr. Wm. Edwards, *Bank of England*

Miss Elefley, *Leadenhall street*

Mrs. Emery, *Spring gardens*

William Emes, Esqr. *Church Row,*
Fenchurch street

Richard Emmott, Esqr.

Mrs. Farhill, *Great Russel street*

Mrs. Fassett, *Hampton*

Miss Martha Fenning, *Lower Tooting*

Mr. Ferguson, *Deptford*

Mrs. Frazer, *Charlton*

Mrs. Gardener, *Wandsworth*

Miss Gavey

Mr. Gervaise, *Dean's Court, St. Paul's*

Mr. Gillyatt, *Brewers' school, Islington Road*

— Grant, Esqr. *Bedford Row*

Mr. Grant, *Wardour street*

Miss Green, *Streatham*

Mrs. Gregory, *Austin Friars*

Rev. Mr. Griffenhoof, *Stoke Newington*

The Miss Groves, *Streatham*

John Haffey, Esqr. *India house*

Mrs. Hague, *Clapham*

Miss Hague, *Kingston*

Mrs. Harrifon, *Mark Lane*, 2 sets

Mrs. Haverfield, *Kew*

Mr. Joseph Hassel, *Cecil Street*

Dr. Healde, *College of Physicians*

Mrs. Hewitt, *Dulwich*

— Holms, Esqr. *Lower Tooting*.

Mrs. Holms, 2 sets

Miss Hodgkin, *Tower Street*

Mr. Holloway, *Newington Butts*

Lady Holt, *Stanhope Street*

Alex. Hume, Esqr. *Gerrard Street*,
Soho

Miss Hufsey, *Clapham*

Mr. Jarvis, *May's Buildings*

Mr. Ince, 6 additional sets

— Innes, Esqr. *York Buildings*. 2 sets

Miss Isaac, *Crooked Lane*

Miss Kennedy, *Rathbone Place*
Charles Kensington, Esqr. *Blackbeath*
Miss Ker, *College of Physicians*
Mrs. M. Kilbinton, *Wapping Street*
Mr. Kinder, *Stoke Newington*
Mr. Kirkman
Miss Knight, *Eltham*

Daniel Lambert, Esqr. *Bansted, Surry*
Benjamin Lane, Esqr. *Birchin Lane*
Mr. W. Latham, *Eltham*
Rev. Mr. Layard, *Castle Street, Li-*
cester Fields
Dr. Lettsom
Miss Lillie, *Bradenham, Bucks*
Countess of Lincoln
Mrs. Lindsay, *Charlton*
Mrs. Lodge, *Mitcham*
Mrs. Lomax, *Stoke Newington*

Mrs. Lownds, *Great Titchfield street*

Miss Molly Lownds

Miss Lubbock, *Mansion house street*

Mrs. Lukin, *Long Acre*

Mr. Macgrath, *Friday street*

Mr. M'Laughlin, *Mount street, Berkeley square*

Mrs. Mayor, *Kensington Terrace*

The Miss Meilans, *Leadenhall street*

Countess of Mexborough

Mrs. Millett, *Leadenhall street*

Miss Charlotte Mills, *Greenwich*

Miss Mary Ann Mitford, *Burr street*

Mrs. Moncell

Mrs. Moore, *Holborn*

Thomas Morton, Esqr. *India house*

Miss Needham

Mr. New, *Leadenhall street*

Miss Newcomb

Mr. Novosielski, *Piccadilly*

— Owen, Esqr. *India house*

John Thomas Page, Esqr. *St. Thomas
Aposile*

Hon. C. and B. Paget

Henry Parker, Esqr. *Stoke Newington*, 2 sets

Mrs. Pecholier, *Idol Lane*

Mrs. Pemberton, *Gough house, Chelsea*

Mr. Phillips, *Tower street*

Mrs. Povey, *Wigmore street*

Hugh Powell, Esq. *Aldersgate street*

Mrs. Powell, *Lower Tooting*

Mr. Powell, *Kew Green*

Lord Powerscourt

Mr. Quartley

— Ramsay, Esqr. *India house*

— Redwood, Esqr. *Islington Place,*
2 fets

The Miss Reynetts, *Park street, Gros-*
venor square

— Richardson, Esqr. *Custom-house*

John Robley, Esqr. *Stoke Newington*

George Roupell, Esqr. *Charlton*

Mrs. Russell, *Borough*

Miss Sampson, *Albion Place*

Mrs. Sargent, *Mincing Lane*

William Savage, Esqr. *East street*

Miss Savage

Mrs. Schrieber, *Finchley*

John Fred. Schultz, Esqr. *Kingston-*
upon-Thames

Mr. Sealey, *Buckingham*

Mr. Sealy, *Savage Gardens*

Harry Sedgwick, Esqr. *Newman's
Court, Cornhill, 2 sets*

Miss Selby, *Richmond*

Mrs. Frances Sharp, *Leadenhall street*

Mrs. Judith Sharp, *Old Jewry*

Mr. W. Sharp, *Old Jewry*

Miss Mary Sharp, *Old Jewry*

Rev. John Sharpe, *Clapham*

Mrs. Sinclair, *St. Catherine's, another set*

Mrs. Skelton

Mrs. Smith, *Stoke Newington*

—— Smith, Esqr. *St. Martin's Lane*

Miss Mary Smith, *New Burlington
street*

Thomas Onflow Smith, Esqr. *Break
street hill*

Mr. Smith, *Newington Butts*

Hasket Smith, Esqr. *America square*

The Miss Smiths, *Mount street*

Gabriel Snodgrafs, Esq. *Blackbeath*

Miss B. Stanynought, *Moorfields*

Mr. Stiff, *New street, Covent Garden,*
3 sets

Mr. Stockdale, 20 sets

Mrs. Stone, *Kingston*

Miss Streatfield, *Clifford street*

Thos. Stroud, Esq. *Peckham*

Miss Stubbs, *Suffolk street*

Mr. Taylor, *New Loyd's Coffee-house*

Mrs. Thomas, *Walworth*

Mrs. Townsend, *College of Arms*

Miss Townsend, *Clapham*

Alexander Tulloh, Esqr. *Savage*
Gardens

Richard Twyfs, Esqr. *India house*

(180)

Mr. Twyſs, *Mark Lane*

Mr. Vandergucht, *Lower Brook ſtreet*

Miss Uſtonſon, *Temple Bar*

Mrs. Wakefield, *Mortimer ſtreet*

Mr. Webb, *New ſtreet, Covent Gar-
den*

Miss Wilkinſon, *Greenwich*

Mrs. Williams, *Stoke Newington*

Mr. W——

Maſter Ch. Wyatt, *Rotherhithe*

Mr. Yates, *Charter-houſe ſquare*

